To put him tolill thinking.
Em. Is he not iealous?
Def. Who he? I thinke the Sun where he was borne,
Drew all such humors from him. *Enter* Othello.
Em. Looke where he comes.
Def. I will not leaue him now,
Till *Cassio* be cald to him: how is it with you my Lord?
Oth. Well my good Lady: O hardnesse to dissemble:
How doe you *Desdemona?*
Def. Well, my good Lord.
Oth. Giue me your hand, this hand is moist my Lady.
Def. It yet has felt no age, nor knowne no sorrow.
Oth. This argues fruitfulnesse and liberall heart,
Hot, hot, and moyst, this hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty: fasting and praying,
Much castigation, exercise deuout;
For here's a young and sweating deuill here,
That commonly rebels: tis a good hand,
A franke one.
Def. You may indeed say so,
For twas that hand that gaue away my heart.
Oth. A liberall hand, the hearts of old gaue hands,
But our new herraldry is hands, not hearts,
Def. I cannot speake of this; come now your promise.
Oth. What promise chucke?
Def. I haue sent to bid *Cassio* come speake with you.
Oth. I haue a salt and sullen rhume offends me,
Lend me thy handkerchiefe.
Def. Here my Lord.
Oth. That which I gaue you.
Def. I haue it not about me.
Oth. Not.
Def. No indeed my Lord.
Oth Thats a fault: that handkerchiefe
Did an *Egyptian* to my mother giue,
She was a Charmer, and could almost reade
The thoughts of people; she told her while she kept it,
Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father

Intirely to her loue: But if she lo
Or made a gift of it; my fathers
Should hold her loathed, and his
After new fancies: She dying, g
And bid me, when my fate would
To giue it her; I did so, and take
Make it a darling, like your preti
To loose, or giue't away, were suc
As nothing else could match.
Def. I'st possible?
Oth. Tis true, ther's magicke
A Sybell that had numbred in the
The Sun to course two hundred co
In her prophetique fury, sowed th
The wormes were hallowed that
And it was died in Mummy, whic
Concerue of Maidens hearts.
Def. Indeed, i'st true?
Oth. Most veritable, therefor
Def. Then would to God that
Oth. Ha, wherefore?
Def. Why doe you speake so
Oth. I'st lost? i'st gone? speak
Def. Blesse vs.
Oth. Say you?
Def. It is not lost, but what ar
Oth. Ha.
Def. I say it is not lost.
Oth. Fetch't, let me see it,
Def. Why so I can sir, but I w
This is a tricke, to put me from my
I pray let *Cassio* be receiu'd again
Oth. Fetch me that handkerchi
De. Come, come, you'l neuer m
Oth. The handkerchiefe.
Def. A man, that all his time
Hath founded his good fortunes o
Shar'd dangers with you.

H a

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22306) LONDON, 1630 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.